

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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## ENGLAND WELCOMES KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN.



King Alfonso in military dress. He has always been keenly interested in military affairs, and is a thoroughly practical soldier. As a child one of his chief delights was to drill a company of children of his own age.



In the full-dress uniform of a Spanish Admiral the young King looks his best, as may be observed from the photograph above.



King Alfonso is a keen sportsman and a first-rate pigeon shot.



King Alfonso in undress naval uniform. In naval, as in military matters, he is not content to rely on hearsay information, and does not spare any trouble in order to find out what he wants to know for himself.



The King with his mother, Queen Christina, at an open-air celebration of Mass, on the occasion of a great military demonstration and review near Madrid.



King Alfonso's mother, Queen Christina, who acted as Regent during her son's long minority, and by her firmness and discretion placed his throne on its present secure basis.



At San Sebastian, their favourite seaside resort, King Alfonso and Queen Christina are in the habit of dropping all ceremony. They constantly walk abroad unattended, as shown in the photograph.







# ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO YOUNG KING OF SPAIN.

**Crowds Assemble to Cheer  
the Two Monarchs at  
Victoria Station.**

## OUR KING'S GREETING

**Royal Train Delayed by Mishap  
Near Havant.**

## RAIN MARS PAGEANT.

**Splendid Festivities Arranged for  
Every Day This Week.**

His Majesty the King of Spain arrived in England yesterday, and received the most cordial of welcomes from both the ruler of England and its people.

The fleet accorded him all honours from the time he left Cherbourg until he was received by the Prince of Wales at Portsmouth. Then in London a great reception awaited him from the King and Queen and people.

But the English weather was from the gala point of view at its worst.

From the beginning of King Alfonso's journey from France there was a steady downpour of rain which lasted throughout the day.

## WELCOMED BY KING EDWARD.

**Brilliant Reception of King Alfonso Upon His  
Arrival in London.**

The scene in Victoria Station was gay and full of colour in spite of the rain and grey skies outside.

Practically the whole of the inside of the station was hidden beneath gaily-coloured flags and devices. The roof was bright with the colours of all nations, among which those of England and Spain were, of course, the most prominent. All the pillars were covered with yellow and red, the Spanish colours, and the whole of No. 4 platform by which the royal train stopped, was covered with crimson cloth. Opposite this platform was a long banner bearing the motto "Bien venido sea el Rey de España" (Blessings on the King of Spain).

Shortly before four o'clock the Irish Guards, who formed the guard of honour, marched to the station, led by the band of the regiment with their boarhound Brian Boru, the regimental pet, at the head.

### KING EDWARD ARRIVES.

After them came the escort of the Royal Life Guards, their gorgeous uniforms hidden beneath their long crimson cloaks.

Then the station, which had been kept clear, began to fill with the brilliant assembly gathered to welcome King Alfonso. The Duke of Fife, the Duke of Portland, Viscount Duncannon, and many members of the Cabinet and high officials came, and the colour of many uniforms added to the brilliance of the scene.

At twenty past four loud and long cheering from the crowd which, in spite of the downpour assembled outside, announced the arrival of King Edward, who drove from Buckingham Palace in a closed carriage. With his Majesty, who was wearing the uniform of a Spanish admiral, came the Duke of Connaught, wearing the dress of a field-marshal of the British Army. Mr. Balfour arrived at the same time in leave dress.

Just before half-past four the engine of the royal train, decorated with the colours of Spain and England, came in sight.

### MEETING OF THE MONARCHS.

A moment later the royal saloon came to a standstill by the spot on which King Edward was standing, and the tall figure of the young King Alfonso, attired in the scarlet uniform of a British general, stepped from the carriage. King Edward stepped forward, grasped the Spanish monarch by both hands, and kissed him on both cheeks. The royal visitor was then warmly greeted by other members of the Royal Family and the distinguished company assembled. Then while the Irish Guards played the Spanish National Anthem, the king of Spain was inspected by the two Kings, and in a few minutes they entered the royal carriage awaiting them.

The rain was pouring down, but the crowd assembled cheered heartily and King Alfonso,

apparently well pleased with his reception, leaned forward and acknowledged it.

King Edward sat on the left and King Alfonso on the right facing the horses, while opposite sat the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught.

### DRIVE TO THE PALACE.

The rain was pouring down steadily when the royal party drove from Victoria Station.

The downpour made closed carriages a necessity, and the escort, the troops and police lining the route, the decorations, and spectators were all drenched.

But although the crowds were nothing like they would have been had the weather been less miserable, a large number of people assembled along the route from Victoria to Buckingham Palace, and they gave the royal visitor the heartiest of welcomes. He was cheered all the way from the railway station to the Palace.

The procession was led by the Life Guards, after which came the carriage containing the two Kings, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught, drawn by six horses. This was followed by five other carriages, in which rode members of King Alfonso's suite and distinguished Englishmen.

It was noticeable that the King was smiling, and while acknowledging the cheers he talked at intervals with King Edward, apparently not a whit discouraged by the melancholy welcome given him by the English weather.

### THE QUEEN'S WELCOME.

**Arrival of King Alfonso and the Royal Party  
at Buckingham Palace.**

Arriving at Buckingham Palace just before five o'clock, King Alfonso was received in state by the Queen, her Majesty being accompanied by all the great officers of the Household.

Then he was conducted to the state apartments which had been prepared for him, and the Guard of the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the King's bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard was mounted at the Palace.

King Alfonso then paid visits to the members of the Royal Family, and in the evening there was a royal full-dress dinner, after which there were many presentations to the royal visitor.

### ROYAL TRAIN STOPPED.

**Part of a Station Roof Falls Across the  
Metals.**

At Tarrington, two miles west of Havant, the royal train conveying King Alfonso and the Prince of Wales was stopped for an obstruction on the line. Part of the station roof, says the Central News, had fallen across the metals.

### FRANCE SPEEDS HER GUEST.

CHERBOURG, Monday.—In spite of the rain a large crowd assembled to welcome the King. When the royal train was signalled the fort fired a salute of 101 guns.

Admiral Besson conveyed the homage of the French navy to King Alfonso, and the Prefect said that the wishes of the nation would accompany the King in the friendly country he was about to visit, and wished his Majesty a good journey.

The King replied:—

"I beg you to express to the President of the Republic all my thanks for the sympathetic and cordial welcome extended to me in France, and for the particular attentions paid me."

### SCENES AT PORTSMOUTH.

So heavy was the rain at Portsmouth that the fleet at the Spithead could neither see nor be seen.

The royal yacht, with the King on board, made a quick, though unpleasant, passage from Cherbourg, and reached Portsmouth a good fifteen minutes before the scheduled time.

Salutes, as a consequence, were fired late, and it was amidst a deafening din from ship and shore that the yacht made her passage into harbour.

The yacht was brought alongside the dockyard jetty, where the guards of honour presented arms and gave the royal salute. King Alfonso emerged from the saloon to acknowledge this, but the rain speedily drove him back again.

As soon as the yacht was moored the Prince of Wales climbed the gangway and welcomed the royal visitor. The greetings were very cordial.

An address was presented by Councillor G. E. Couzens, Mayor of Portsmouth, to which King Alfonso made the following reply:—

"Deeply moved, I thank you for your very kind welcome to these hospitable shores, to which I have come to visit your gracious King, and thus strengthen the ties that bind my people and the people of Great Britain, and which, indeed, if old in existence, prove to-day to be more solid and sincere because they repose on the love for peace,

culture, and commerce, which are the aim of humanity."

"I shall never forget the wonderful display just witnessed of England's splendid naval power. Sincerely I wish the great Empire under your King's sceptre every prosperity, and as you have been amongst the first to welcome my arrival, he was also amongst the first to convey my gratitude to those you represent."

"I rest assured that the remembrance of these happy moments will always be cherished in my heart."

The receptions over, the King and Prince of Wales left by special train for London.

### UNIONIST BATTLE-CRY.

**"The Colonial Conference" To Be the Test  
at the General Election.**

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—The general impression among members of the House is that Mr. Balfour has scored over Mr. Chamberlain.

The position appears to be that the "automatic" Colonial Conference fixed for next year will not settle the question of Colonial preference, and, indeed, the Conference may not be held at all.

Should the Government be returned to power after the next election, they will regard it as a mandate giving them authority to summon a Colonial Conference for the specific purpose of discussing Colonial preference.

The general election will therefore be voted upon the question of the Colonial Conference, a platform that is regarded as wide enough to unite all sections of the Unionist Party.

### WAR STORES SCANDAL.

**Two Colonels Relieved from Duty and Full  
Inquiry Promised.**

The country has the assurance of Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary for War, that everything will be done to secure a full inquiry into the war stores scandal, to which the *Daily Mirror* exclusively gave publicity last week.

"As a result of the report of Sir William Butler's Committee of Inquiry," said the War Minister in the House of Commons yesterday, "two colonels have been relieved of their duties by the Army Council."

"The report has been referred to the Treasury Solicitor and the Deputy Judge Advocate-General, who will advise as to what further inquiry is necessary, and what, if any, shall be preferred against the persons who appear to be implicated."

"These officials have not yet had the evidence before them, and they cannot advise the Army Council until they have studied it. If it should appear that other officers are responsible for any irregularities, they will also be relieved from duty."

### CANADA'S TRADE BOOM.

**New Railway Extension Which Will Cost  
£11,000,000 Sterling.**

Canada rivals, if she does not surpass, the United States in the magnitude of her most recent enterprise, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, the work of constructing which has just begun.

There will be 3,500 miles of new track, entailing the use of 1,232,000 rails, weighing 492,800 tons.

The work will make employment for 20,000 persons, who will draw £2,920,000 in wages each year.

For the working of the line 500 engines will be built at a cost of £3,000 each, 30,000 freight cars at £140 each, and 500 passenger cars at £2,000 each.

The whole extension is estimated to cost £11,000,000 sterling.

### WINDSOR'S PREPARATIONS.

Preparations for the wedding of Princess Margaret of Connaught and Prince Gustavus Adolphus were commenced inside St. George's Chapel, Windsor, yesterday.

St. George's needs very little internal adornment, and the preparations will be much the same as on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

### GERMAN GARRISON FALLS.

CAPE TOWN, Monday.—Native reports have been received in official circles here to the effect that Warmbad had fallen, and that the German garrison has perished. No news has been received other than that from native quarters.—Central News.

### OBJECTS TO CHINESE LABOUR.

JOHANNESBURG, Monday.—The secretary of the Miners' Association declared on Saturday night that the miners were dissatisfied with the Chinese, and that their introduction had been a failure.

The ratio of whites to coloured labourers had been reduced and the wages of whites had diminished.—Reuter.

# TRAPPED IN MANILA HARBOUR.

**Dilemma of Admiral Enkvist and  
His Three Fugitive Cruisers.**

## FIGHT OR DISARM.

Orders have been given by the U.S.A. authorities that the three Russian cruisers at Manila must be interned, or depart at once.

Outside the harbour a flotilla of Japanese destroyers is awaiting, so there can be little doubt that Admiral Enkvist will accept the former alternative.

All the Russian naval prisoners, surrendered or otherwise, will be sent home.

## WHY RUSSIA LOST.

**Lessons of the Great Naval Battle in Cw-r-  
whelming Category.**

The Paris "Journal," says Reuter, publishes a message from Tokio in which the following reasons are given for Russia's defeat:—

1. It seems quite evident that Admiral Rojestvensky did not in the least expect to meet the Japanese squadron in the Tushima Straits.

2. It is also evident that a small Japanese squadron was stationed at the Straits of Formosa when the Russian squadron left Indo-Chinese waters. It knew the route Admiral Rojestvensky was going to take, and at once warned the main Japanese squadron lying in the Korean Straits.

3. Everything was against the Russians. The fog which covered the Japanese fleet from their view, the direction of the waves, the impact of which gave them much more trouble than it did the Japanese. The Russian gunners were at a great disadvantage on this account, and also on account of the sun being in their eyes.

4. For the same reason it is likely that the extreme precision of the Japanese fire was facilitated by the state of the sea. Their fleet, having undergone a long course of training, was in better condition, and the Russian guns showed numerous signs of inferiority.

5. The shortage of coal on more than one vessel, and the fact that Admiral Nebogatoff's squadron ran out of ammunition after the first day's fighting, explain their having been surrenders.

6. The Japanese made use of a type of torpedo far superior to any they had hitherto employed.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND PEACE.

A Reuter telegram from Washington states that Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German Ambassador, had a conference of two hours' duration with President Roosevelt on Sunday night. His Excellency declined to discuss the matter with Press representatives, saying that the conference was entirely confidential one. There is reason to believe, however, that peace was the subject of the conference. Mr. O'Beirne, British Chargé d'Affaires, discussed the Russo-Japanese situation at the White House on Sunday.

## INVISIBLE JAPANESE WARSHIPS.

A Reuter special telegram from St. Petersburg gives an account of the battle as told by officers and men who have arrived at Vladivostok. The Japanese ships were painted blue and green, rendering them almost invisible. During the first day's fighting innumerable junks were seen ahead of the Baltic Fleet, and eye-witnesses are convinced that these junks were laying mines, which in many cases proved fatal to the Russians.

## EXODUS FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

PARIS, Monday.—"Arrests continue in a large number of towns," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Journal." "and in St. Petersburg the exodus—or, rather, flight—of well-to-do persons is assuming a form just like the emigration of the French nobility at the outset of the Revolution."—Reuter.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. R. R. B. Orlebar, Conservative candidate for Northampton, has resigned.

The German Consul at Bergen is informed that the Kaiser will not visit Norway this summer.

Colonel W. G. Webb, M.P. for Kingswinford Division of Staffordshire, who is lying seriously ill, is reported "slowly sinking."

To cope with the revolt in the Yemen a complete brigade of 6,400 men has now been embarked at Trebizond. The Turkish troops and insurgents still appear to be in the same positions.

For the second time Mr. Whitelaw Reid presented his credentials yesterday to King Edward as the representative of the United States at the Court of St. James's.



## WEDDING OF THE KAISER'S HEIR.

Young Bride Makes a Good Impression on Her Future Subjects.

### SHOWER OF GIFTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Monday.—The capital is in a perfect ferment of excitement over to-morrow's wedding of the Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecile.

The happy young couple are delighted with the splendid welcome the city is extending to them, and it is the more gratifying to the bridegroom, because of the rumours that certain little actions of the bride's family had somewhat wounded German susceptibilities.

If there ever existed any such feeling of irritation it has now completely disappeared, and the Berliners are giving themselves wholly up to general rejoicing.

The dignified bearing of the future Crown Princess, the charming and frank pleasure which she evinced at her reception, have produced a splendid impression, with which both the Kaiser and the Crown Prince are intensely gratified.

### RECEIVING DEPUTATIONS.

The betrothed pair spent a very busy time to-day in receiving the various deputations at the Castle. The Empress was present, and the various delegates brought with them many beautiful gifts.

Amongst the earliest to arrive were the Presidents of the Reichstag and the Prussian Diets. Their reception was of a most cordial character, and the future bride received their congratulations with quite a queenly grace.

The representatives of the Berlin and Bonn Universities followed soon after, and the Academies of Science and Art also sent influential delegations. From most of the provincial towns of Prussia came bearers of magnificent presents.

The populace are taking a great interest in the rich and effective street decorations, one of the most striking features of which is one house painted completely in the Mecklenburg-Schwerin colours—red, blue, and yellow.

Most of the foreign notabilities are recognised and warmly greeted as they drive through the streets.

One of the chief arrivals to-day was Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who was cheered whilst on his way to the British Embassy, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, who represents King Edward at to-morrow's ceremony, is quite a favourite with the Berliners.

### KAISER AT RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

BERLIN, Monday.—This forenoon the Emperor paid a visit lasting an hour and a half to the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch and the Grand Duchess Vladimir at the Russian Embassy.—Reuter.

### EL DORADO OF PAUPERS.

Alleged Plot to Fill the United States with Undesirable Aliens.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, May 27.—The alien question has assumed a grave phase in America.

Mr. Marcus Braun, secret emigration agent at Budapest, has prepared a remarkable report to the Department of Commerce and Labour at Washington, in which he alleges a wholesale transportation of emigrants to the United States.

It is stated that Transatlantic steamship lines, working in secret agreement with European Governments, are deriving from this business an annual revenue of £10,000,000.

Mr. Braun calculates that there are landed in America every year 200,000 men and women of bad, and even criminal, character, of shady antecedents, and diseased blood.

### BOOKS FOR THE BISHOP.

Dr. Farmer, the newly-appointed Bishop of Rochester, was a passenger on the steamer which brought the Australian mails delivered in London yesterday. Before leaving Adelaide he was given a public farewell in the Town Hall, at which the Deputy-Governor, Sir Samuel Wray, presided, and presented the Bishop with an address and a personal memento of 100 guineas for the purchase of books.

### LADY GROVE'S CAB FARE.

Lady Grove, of Bedford-square, was summoned at Bow-street by a cabman named George Francis Ward for 1s. 6d., balance of a cab fare.

Lady Grove was not present, and the magistrate made an order for her to pay the balance of the fare and 8s. for the cabman's costs and loss of time.

## SCULPTORS' RIVAL.

Huge Machine That Makes Exact Copies of Greek Statues.

Automatic carving has now been brought well nigh perfection. A new giant carving machine the largest in existence, has been erected in the premises of the Automatic Sculpture Syndicate, Ltd., and yesterday afternoon the *Daily Mirror* witnessed the beginning of the process of reproducing an exact model of a life-sized Greek statue from the Louvre.

The machine, which is capable of copying models up to 10ft. in height and 5ft. in diameter, and up to 20 tons in weight, has been designed by Mr. E. W. Gage, the well-known engineer.

By means of drills worked by hydraulic power, the mechanical "sculptor" can carve exact copies of statues in stone within a fortnight.

The original statue and the rough material for the copy are placed on two revolving turn-tables, which, though altogether weighing five tons, can be manipulated simply by turning a wheel.

A workman goes over the surface of the original with a finely-pointed piece of wood connected with the machinery, and the steel drill does the rest, on the rough material.

### WHY RATES ARE RISING.

Board School Teachers To Acquire a Pure Parisian Accent.

London ratepayers will learn with dismay that the London County Council schools committee propose to add to their burden by making grants enabling forty elementary school teachers of French and German to spend a month's holiday abroad.

The reason offered is that by this means more accurate knowledge of French and German can be obtained than by staying in England.

The scheme is an extension of that by which seventeen teachers last year had trips to France out of scholarships granted in connection with the Toynbee Pupil Teachers' University scholarships committee.

To-day's proposal is also to be laid before the L.C.C. that children shall be taught to play the violin and other instruments with the view of forming school orchestras.

### REVIVAL "FAILURE."

Mr. Alexander Says That Till All Are Converted His Work Is Incomplete.

Mr. Alexander absolutely denied yesterday afternoon that the revival mission has been a failure up to the present. Further, he added, that he did not believe that Dr. Torrey admitted failure.

At the same time Dr. Torrey's remarks about "London not being shaken" and as to the missionaries not having seen the revival they hoped to see, are corroborated by those who have most closely followed the meetings in the Albert Hall and at Brixton.

"We have had most extraordinary experiences and most gratifying success," said Mr. Alexander. "Of course, we hope for more; we do not consider our work accomplished until we have converted everyone."

"We want the movement to spread throughout every church in the City, and it is to that end that Dr. Torrey spoke as he did, I think."

Yesterday afternoon the great hall in the Strand, where the services are being held now, was practically empty, possibly owing to the rain.

### DAY OF BAZAARS.

Yesterday's Charity Entertainments Prosper in Spite of Dismal Weather.

Yesterday was a day of bazaars and charity entertainments which, fortunately, were hardly affected by the rain.

Princess Christian, the president, opened the annual summer sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework at their premises in the Exhibition-road.

Yesterday, too, was the first day of the Noah's Ark Bazaar at Prince's Skating Rink, which was opened by the Duchess of Portland.

There was a great crowd, too, at Stafford House for the Duchess of Sutherland's concert in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild. Melba sang and Mischa Elman also appeared, but the attraction of the afternoon was the visit to the garden to see the arrival of the King of Spain.

### RADIIUM FOUND IN SPAIN.

MADRID, Monday.—A party of notable scientists of Madrid yesterday visited the district of Guadarrama Mountains, where there are deposits of uranium and radium.

The specimens brought back by the scientists are very rich.—Reuter.

## FARMERS' JOY.

Parched Crops Revive Under Showers of Rain.

### WORTH A POUND A DROP.

Farmers ceased from grumbling yesterday, made happy by reason of the rain. They had been fearing the effects of May frosts, heat, and drought upon their crops.

But the rain brought an abundance of good cheer, and they hope it will continue gently falling for the good of the grain. Dwellers in town attach the condition that the rain will skip Whit-Sunday and Monday.

On Sunday in scores of churches prayers were offered for the refreshing showers, and the answer came next morning early.

Mud-splashed by the horses and wheels, wet with the drippings of innumerable umbrellas, it was difficult for the Londoner to remember that the rain was the greatest good that could have happened to England.

A day's further postponement of the downpour, although London wished it for the welcome of King Alfonso, would have cost the country the value of a couple of battleships.

Now the hay prospects are bright. Yesterday there were no hay prospects to speak of.

"Every drop is worth a sovereign," said a West Surrey farmer, yesterday, as he watched the downpour from the leaden skies.

### Fall of Half an Inch.

In the Thames Valley it began to rain at about half-past six in the morning, with a few reluctant showers. Then it came down steadily, hour after hour, slightly diminishing towards 6 p.m.

In the rain gauges even 100th part of an inch was worth at least £100,000 to England. And by six o'clock just half an inch of the precious rain had fallen.

It was the first good rain for five weeks. Last week's thunderstorm, although it brought down nearly an inch of rain in a couple of hours, was a purely local affair.

But for quality, yesterday's downpour was perfect, and, provided the prevailing north-easterly wind does not mean cold nights, its blessings will be incalculable.

"Three more wet days will do a power of good," was the universal comment in the country.

The tender shoots of corn and barley were withering away for lack of rain. Potatoes, fruit, crops of every kind, have benefited by the rain.

The fall was general in the south-east of England and up the Thames Valley.

Soon after midday the Midlands began to share in the blessing. Slight showers fell in Worcester, Northampton, and Norfolk early in the day, and later on yielded to steadier rain.

In the evening there was reason to hope that the fall would extend over the whole kingdom.

### SWIMMING IN THE THAMES.

Men and Horses of the 21st Lancers to Practise at Hampton Ferry.

Hereafter the 21st Lancers will be permitted—men and horses—to practise swimming in the Thames at Hampton Ferry, instead of at Walton, as they wished.

The Rivers Purification Committee reported to the Thames Conservancy Board yesterday that they had gone into the matter.

The chief inspector considered Hampton Ferry to be the most suitable place, as it is below all the intakes except those at Seething Wells, which are used only on emergency.

The committee recommended that the commanding officer be informed accordingly.

In moving the adoption of the report the chairman of the committee said there was some fear that the fact of the men and horses swimming there would pollute the river, but he thought that was rather far-fetched.

### CONFERENCE IN THREE TONGUES.

At the international congress of Representative Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers' Associations, opened in Manchester yesterday, the debates were conducted in English, French, and German, though English was most used, thanks to the linguistic attainments of the Continental spinners.

A hundred delegates were present, representing Austria, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and Switzerland. Mr. C. W. Macara presided, and delivered the opening address.

### GIANT WRESTLES WITH A BEAR.

Fernin Arndi, a famous Spanish giant renowned for his strength, had a remarkable struggle with a bear weighing 300lb. in the Pyrenees.

Caught with unloaded rifle, Arndi grappled with the bear and brought it down with his hunting-knife. He then carried the animal home on his shoulders.

## DANCE OF THE PIGMIES.

Little People from Africa Amazed at Their First English Audience.

The African pigmies made their first appearance before a London audience at the Hippodrome yesterday, and were quite as much astonished as astonishing.

The curtain rose on a realistic African forest scene, with a red sun shining through a tangle of tropical vegetation.

The audience gazed on the pigmies and the pigmies, as though petrified, stared back at the audience. Minutes passed before they relaxed their startled statue-like attitudes.

Then one of them stepped jauntily into the ring, and made as if to dance. He was quickly followed by two others.

But here a hitch arose. Mangogo, the youngest of the party, is an expert tom-tom player. Apparently he wished to open the proceedings with a solo on his favourite instrument, for he obstinately refused to join in the dance.

Persuasion seemed wasted on him, for he sat and glared at the gallery until the front row felt quite uncomfortable. Suddenly he, too, was seized with the spirit of the dance, and joined his comrades in the ring.

A digne-like chant followed, and then the whole party broke into lightsome rhythmic steps.

The dance concluded as suddenly as it began, the little people stiffening into their attitude of petrified astonishment as if by a preconcerted signal.

### "AMAZON" VOCALIST.

Leader of Boer Women's Regiment to Sing on London Concert Stage.

Miss Hennie Van der Hoven, "leader of the Boer Amazons," will make her debut in England as a vocalist on Friday next at the Queen's Hall.

Just before the fall of Johannesburg all the Boer women met in the Dutch church, formed a regiment and elected Miss Van der Hoven their leader. These Amazons never actually came to blows with the British Tommy, because the fall of Johannesburg took place earlier than the Boers had reckoned.

After the fall of Johannesburg Miss Van der Hoven organised concerts in aid of the Boer widows and orphans, and also for the British soldiers.

### MYSTERIOUS EPIDEMIC.

Alarming Symptoms Attributed to Saturday Night Supper.

Many residents of the Cardiff suburb of Ely are now regretting their partiality for a Saturday night supper of green peas.

Last Saturday many of the revellers partook of peas with which something was amiss—though exactly what is not yet known. Early on Sunday morning there were urgent calls for medical aid. In one street the doctor's services were required at every second house.

For some time a serious epidemic was feared, but the doctor's inquiries traced the cause of the mischief to a particular 21lb. bag of preserved peas, used by one merchant in the trade.

Fortunately the sufferers soon recovered, and on Sunday afternoon were able to bask in the sun and compare symptoms.

### CREW OF SKELETONS.

Gruesome British Barque Discovered on a Lonely Shore.

A gruesome maritime discovery is reported by the "Chilian Times," Valparaiso, which may clear up a mystery of a missing British ship.

This journal reports that an expedition, which has proceeded to the island of Guafu, off the South American coast, discovered on the shore the hull of a ship with a number of skeletons and many boxes of cargo.

One of the spars of the ship bore the inscription, "Castleton, Newport."

## WHITSUN HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

Continental Travellers should not forget to ask for the Continental "Daily Mail" everywhere.



## MISSING £12,000 OF TRUST FUNDS.

Grave Statements Against Maidenhead Solicitor.

## CASE FOR THE TREASURY.

The little police court of Maidenhead was crowded almost to suffocating point yesterday, when the magistrates sat to resume their inquiry into the grave charge brought against Mr. Alfred Fossick, of Park-street, Maidenhead, who, besides being well known and respected as a solicitor, is a school manager and one of the wardens of the Bray Church.

Mr. Fossick was charged with illegally converting to his own use £12,767 from the estate of Mrs. Agnes Skinner, a widow.

At the last hearing it was stated that the money was placed in the care of Mr. Fossick by the trustees. When asked by a solicitor as to what had become of the money, Mr. Fossick replied that he had made certain advances to Mrs. Brown-Potter, the well-known actress, and had not been repaid. He had lent the money without security.

### Contest for Seats.

When the case was called on yesterday Mr. Witham L. Lewis prosecuted for the Treasury, Mr. E. B. Knight watched the proceedings for Mrs. Brown-Potter, and Mr. Fossick was defended by Mr. Guy Stephenson.

On reaching the court the accused, who is a middle-aged man with a grey moustache and a military bearing, glanced round at the crowded benches, for which there had been a keen contest amongst the many well-dressed spectators.

He then entered into a very vigorous conversation with his counsel.

Mr. Lewis said that inquiries into all the circumstances were still being made, so it would be impossible to end the case that day.

He would call evidence that the money utilised by the prisoner was that of Mrs. Skinner's estate, and to show into whose hands it passed.

It would appear that Rev. C. Raymond, of Bray, and Rev. O. E. Raymond, of Sudbury, entrusted Mr. Fossick with the administration of the estate.

### Startling Allegation.

Various moneys for securities were paid by him into his own account at Lloyds Bank, Maidenhead, to which he was solicitor, and one cheque into the Metropolitan Bank, Maidenhead.

Though it had been arranged that all the money be paid into the London and County Bank, not a penny was so paid.

Mr. Plume, of the Estate Duty Office, Somerset House, produced a copy of the will, and further formal evidence was given.

Several stockbrokers told of having sold, at Mr. Fossick's request, stocks and shares worth many thousand pounds, and sent him cheques for the amounts.

## SPLITTING THE VOTES.

Social Democrats and the Three-Cornered Fight at Camborne.

The Camborne election, and the charges made by a speaker named Lightwood to the effect that the Unionist party had offered to finance a Socialist candidate to ensure a three-cornered contest, were the subject of much comment in political circles yesterday.

Mr. W. H. Lee, secretary of the Social Democratic Federation, said that nothing was at present known of the matter at headquarters. The local branch of the Federation had been asked to tell whatever they knew.

He was able to say, however, that Mr. Lightwood's statement that the Federation had asked him to contest the seat was "all moonshine."

Similar charges were made against the Federation in 1885 with regard to Tom Mann's candidature at Kennington and that of J. S. Williams at Hampstead.

## WORKMAN BURIED IN A CELLAR.

A Preston labourer named Thomas Smith had a miraculous escape from death yesterday whilst engaged in the demolition of the Old Bank, Church-street, Preston.

A large wall gave way, completely burying Smith and precipitating him into a cellar below.

He was extricated in a bruised condition by a large staff of workmen.

## ONLY CONSULTING-ROOM THE STREET.

Dr. Waldo, the Southwark coroner, complained bitterly again yesterday of the lack of accommodation at his "court."

It was, he said, a scandal that inquests should be held in a mission-room, with no place to which the jury could retire to consider their verdict except the street.

## VANISHED VICAR.

Clergyman's Bicycle Found on a Cliff, but No Trace of the Rider.

Is the Rev. Edwin Sandys Donovan alive or dead? That is the question which is occupying the attention of the Probate Court in Dublin, presided over by Mr. Justice Andrews.

When Mrs. Donovan yesterday applied to be appointed administratrix of her husband's estate some curious facts were placed before the Court, to which the missing clergyman's wife has made two similar applications.

It was pointed out that on April 20, 1904, Mr. Donovan, who was the incumbent of the parish of Fanlobbus, near Dumanway, Co. Cork, left Howth for the purpose of consulting a doctor at Dublin.

He left Dublin on his bicycle with the avowed intention of riding back to Howth. Since then he has vanished, but his hat and machine were found on the edge of the cliff, the general theory being that the incumbent had fallen over into the sea beneath and had been drowned.

Advertisements were inserted in the English and American papers, but no trace of Mr. Donovan could be found.

A remarkable statement was made yesterday, it being announced that the solicitors of the insurance company with which Mr. Donovan was insured had received affidavits of Mr. and Mrs. George Peat, now living in Manitoba, to the effect that they sailed to Canada in April, 1904.

They met Mr. Donovan on board, and also saw him in the following month at the Canadian Pacific Railway Station at Montreal.

The application was adjourned.

## LEAPED FROM DEATH.

Thrilling Escapes at a Disastrous Fire in a Sunderland Tenement.

Exciting fire scenes were witnessed at an outbreak yesterday in a tenement house in Hamilton-street, Sunderland, when two persons—Mrs. Patterson and her daughter—were suffocated, but the sixteen other occupants escaped.

Several of the tenants saved themselves by rushing through the flames, and were severely burned, three having to be taken to hospital.

A mother jumped from an upstairs window with a child in her arms and broke her leg, the little one escaping injury.

Others escaped by the windows, and, fortunately, were not hurt.

## HIGHWAYMEN WITH KNIVES.

Tramps Rob a Lonely Farmer and Throw Him Into a Brook.

The Worcestershire police are pursuing active inquiries into a murderous outrage perpetrated upon Edward Grainger, a Halesowen farmer.

Grainger was in a field inspecting some of his horses; when two tramps, armed with knives, attacked him and demanded money.

He gave them some silver, but they were not satisfied. They knocked him down, kicked him, threw him into a brook, and made off with a bag containing £13.

An arrest has been made in connection with the affair.

## M.P. AS POLICEMAN.

Mr. Burns Renders Timely Aid to a Drunken Woman on Lavender Hill.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., has in his time played many parts. His latest role is that of policeman.

When returning home to Lavender Hill on Saturday from the wedding of the daughter of Mr. J. W. Benn, M.P., a drunken woman called to Mr. Burns to assist her.

He complied by detaining her till a constable was brought. In reply to the woman's question, Mr. Burns said he was a plain clothes policeman.

By means of the ambulance the woman was taken to the station, and at the South-Western Police Court yesterday she was fined 2s. 6d.

## BEREFT OF THEIR BREADWINNER.

In trying to quieten a horse in a timber yard that had become unmanageable in Old Kent-road, Thomas John Sutton, a music teacher, slipped beneath the animal, receiving injuries that proved fatal.

At yesterday's inquest it was stated that Sutton was the sole support of his aged parents and crippled.

Observing that it was a sad case, Dr. Waldo, the coroner, handed over a sovereign to the relatives.

Foxes having been poisoned at Sandridge, West-hampstead, Kimpton, and Whitwell, the Hertfordshire Hunt Club have issued notices offering £25 reward for information that will lead to conviction of the "perpetrator of the outrage."

## ARMY ON A GRAND STAND.

Leicester Unemployed Sleep on Northampton Racecourse.

## CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NORTHAMPTON, Monday.—The battalion of unemployed men of Leicester marched into Northampton this evening, and encamped on the racecourse grand stand.

This was the best free hotel Northampton could offer, and the men cheerfully accepted the situation as incidental to an army on the march to London.

The band played as the men took up their position, with the prospect before them of a cheerless night in the open air hotel, after passing the previous night among the hay in the cattle-sheds of Market Harborough.

Three black sheep were found at Market Harborough before the start was made this morning. They were the victims of overnight hospitality. Temperance is one of Mr. Sheriff's chief battle-cries, and as drunkenness is an unpardonable sin, their badges were taken from the offenders and they were discharged from the army.

### Piper and Clergyman.

Some forty others at the general inspection later were found to be physically incapable, and were packed off home by the first train. Then, at half-past six, breakfast of bread and cheese and tea was served out. So far nothing but this homely fare has been eaten, and it appears that this is to be the staple food on the march. A few minutes before nine the bugles sounded, and 400 shoemakers, labourers, and mechanics out of work, tramped up the hill out of Market Harborough.

The day's march was eighteen miles, and frequent halts were made among the picturesque villages of Oxendon, Kelmarsh, Maidwell, Lamport, and Brinnworth.

Out of the funds lemonade and ginger-beer were bought, and with more bread and cheese the marchers regaled themselves.

To Charles Kershaw, the life-player of the band, much of the day's interest on the road was due. He piped time after time, and the men sang gaily enough. Each hymn and song was timed to a march for the tramping feet.

The chief constable of Northampton, in a motor-car, met the marchers and informed the leaders of the police regulations.

At half-past nine the army turned in, the men curling themselves up on straw between the seats of the grand stand, and within an hour the only sound audible was the heavy breathing of the tired men.

## GIRL'S LOVE OF FINERY.

Fell Into the Hands of Police Through Apling Fellow-Workers.

Love of finery was responsible for the appearance in the Stratford-Police Court yesterday of Fanny Cumbers, a smartly-dressed and pretty girl of seventeen, who lives at Romford.

She admitted that she had obtained three blouses from an Ilford draper by means of a note she wrote alleging that she was sent by one of the tradesman's customers to get the goods.

In her defence it was stated that the girl was country-bred, and had come to town to work in a telephone office. Finding she was unable to dress as well as other girls whom she met she had succumbed to sudden temptation.

The Bench bound her over under the First Offenders Act.

## NOT FIT FOR CANADA.

In the case of Joseph Hemsborough, an Austrian youth, who was yesterday found guilty of stealing from his employer, Henry Brand, mantle maker, of Fieldgate-street, Mr. J. Ellis, superintendent of the Jewish Industrial School, told the Thames magistrate that he was prepared to send him to Canada.

Mr. Mead said he should certainly not grant permission for this to be done. It would be wrong to send out bad material to the Colonies.

As a warning to other youths, Hemsborough would be sentenced to six months' hard labour.

## ARMED BURGLAR'S BAIZE BAG.

"I live at the house, and am just going out to work," said Henry Cox, a young baker, to a constable who saw him leave 44, Auriol-road, West Kensington, early on Saturday morning.

The officer was not satisfied, and, on examining the baize bag Cox was carrying, found it contained plated goods, which the man confessed he had stolen. He was also found in possession of a revolver.

Cox was remanded at West London Police Court yesterday.

## GOLF IN COURT.

K.C.s Entertain the Judge Bouncing Balls on Boards.

Professor Boys, F.R.S., in appearance is not an ideal golfer.

His grey beard, his ample locks, his intellectual features rather give the impression, and a right one, that he is a learned student.

Yet the professor went into the witness-box in Mr. Justice Buckley's Court yesterday and announced that he had purchased a club, and, although he had only time to play golf once before in his life, he had straightway "played as well as most professionals."

He had been asked to make comparative tests of the resiliency of various makes of golf balls in connection with the golf ball patent case that is now in Chancery.

He was faced with the problem of how to hit the balls at once hard and with true aim.

The solution was simple to the professor. He attached his club to a mechanical device that swung it in a twelve-foot circle, four times round every second, at the rate of 120 miles an hour.

When a golf ball was introduced into the line of motion the result was a "far and sure" drive.

At the conclusion of his evidence, Professor Boys left the court hurriedly, presumably for St. Andrews, where the championship is to be decided.

During the afternoon counsel played little games with golf balls. K.C.s bounced the balls on specially-prepared boards, and called the attention of the Judge to the height of the bounces. Then they talked of "the ratio of the velocity of retrocession to the velocity of approach."

They also discussed with all gravity whether a very elastic ball could jump up on to the green again after it had once been holed out.

## SUNDAY LINKS FRACAS.

Group of Assault Cases Settled at Epsom by a Compromise.

A compromise was arrived at before the Epsom magistrates yesterday with regard to the group of assault summonses arising out of the recent disturbances between players and caddies at Walton-on-the-Hill.

Mr. Macmahon, solicitor, described the affair as a serious matter.

Certain caddies having refused either to go round the course or leave the links, there was a struggle, in which Edward Earl was so seriously injured that he had to be removed to Guy's Hospital, where he still remains.

George Palmer, Thomas Bowyer, Charles and William Thompson, and Edward Earl were summoned for assaulting, or conspiring to assault, Mr. Charles F. Pilcher, South Kensington, a member of the Walton Golf Club; and Arthur Kelly and the Thompsons for assaulting John Smith.

All the defendants present were bound over for six months, and the summonses against Earl was allowed to stand over.

## FEROCIOUS GALLANTRY.

Artiste's Curious Story of an Unprovoked Assault.

The advice of the Chiswick magistrates was sought yesterday by a stylish-looking young woman, who said she was a music-hall artiste.

Her story was a somewhat remarkable one. The other night, instead of getting out of the train at Chiswick, she fell asleep and travelled to Mill Hill.

As it was so late, a man who had travelled in the same carriage, offered to see her home.

When she was nearing the house, he suddenly turned round, struck her in the eye, and made off.

Sir John Smith, the chairman, said he would have enquiries made into the case.

## READY TO-MORROW.

No. 4 of

THE  
'Country-Side,'

THE NEW JOURNAL  
OF OUT-DOOR LIFE.

A charming pennyworth

ON SALE TO-MORROW.



## WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY FARE.

**Trips to Sea and Country by Rail  
and Steamer.**

### "DAILY MIRROR" GUIDE.

Given fine weather during the forthcoming Whitsuntide the pleasure-seeker will find everything done to promote his holiday happiness. The leading railways are offering every facility for his journey and every comfort for his convenience.

The Great Northern and North-Eastern Railways are offering very special inducements for transit to the Yorkshire and Northumberland coast and dales, the Roman Wall district and the Scottish Borderland. Cheap tickets, available for three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days, are being issued to Scarborough, "the Queen of watering-places," Eile, Bridlington, Whitby, and Saltburn.

Special excursions will leave King's Cross for Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Friday, June 9, for eight or seventeen days for North-Eastern districts and Scotland. On Friday night, June 9, special excursions leave King's Cross for Midlands, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. On Saturday, June 10, cheap express excursions leave for the Norfolk district, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, etc.

#### NON-STOP EXPRESSES.

The Great Central Railway Company give admirable facilities for those desirous of spending their holidays at the places reached by this picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, and Scotland. Special fast trains will leave Marylebone at 12.15 midnight on Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10, and several additional expresses will be run at convenient times on Saturday, June 10.

The Great Western Railway have made complete arrangements for the rapid and comfortable conveyance of the thousands of holiday-makers using their line at Whitsun. Many of the principal expresses will be run in two parts, and several additional long-distance, non-stop expresses will be run during the week preceding Whitsun.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad-street, Victoria (Piccadilly), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, up to and including Monday next, June 12, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company will issue cheap tickets for eight or fifteen days, and Friday to Tuesday tickets to Brighton, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Hastings and St. Leonards, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

#### CONTINENTAL TRIPS.

Extra trains will be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace on Whit-Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals. Special cheap return tickets to Dieppe (for Rouen or Paris) will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, June 9 to 12, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday. At Dieppe the Casino will be open for the holidays.

Special Whitsun tours have also been planned by the Polytechnic, particularly to Switzerland, Paris, and the Norwegian fjords, details of which can be had from the Polytechnic, 309, Regent-street, London, W.

Special excursion tickets will be issued by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, on June 8, 9, 10, and 11. A cheap excursion will be run to Boulogne on Saturday and Sunday, returning on Whit-Monday. The Casino at Boulogne will be open.

The Midland Railway Company also announce excursions from London (St. Pancras) for the Whitsun holidays to Birmingham, Kettering, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, also St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, the new "England, and Scotland. Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway to Brussels and to Liege for its exhibition.

#### "DAILY MIRROR" GUIDE.

It will be seen that the attractions offered are varied. This variety in itself raises a difficulty, which can be overcome by consulting the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide. It is a change that makes a holiday attractive, and the holiday-maker in search of something new will find it difficult, without this guide, to get just that information that he wants about the various resorts advertised. Even the question of family or mixed bathing has not been lost sight of in the compilation of this useful book.

In fact, all that the holiday-seeker needs know is there—Where to go; how to get there; where to stay.

It gives a good, clear map, and contains some attractive illustrations, a list of the best apartments and hotels, the local cab fares, etc., etc.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Managers of a Roman Catholic school at Birmingham have censured a mistress for causing scholars to be "illegally stripped and searched" after she had lost her purse.

Several intended marriages at Skelton and Brotton, in Cleveland, have had to be postponed owing to a scarcity of houses.

For use in case of fire on petrol launches at or near Thames locks, the Thames Conservancy Board yesterday decided to provide seventy sand-bins.

In the ancient City church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, a large congregation yesterday attended the service in memory of the late Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., M.P.

An eel weighing 2½lb. attempted to make a meal of a large rat at King's Lynn. It was unable to completely swallow the animal, and when found was in a dying condition.

Orders have been received at Woolwich Arsenal for twenty-one more batteries of the new artillery armament, five of which are for the Royal Horse Artillery and sixteen for the Royal Field Artillery.

Under the auspices of the L.C.C., the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross promises to be a highly-successful scholastic establishment. Already over 500 students have been enrolled, although the opening does not take place until September.

Lecturing at Leeds, Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.A., of York, offered, as a challenge to any of his hearers who liked to try their luck at betting on horses, to double any winnings they might show at the end of a month, on condition that the money went to the Burley Adult School.

Leeds has passed a new by-law increasing the betting penalties from £2 to £5 for the first offence, £20 for the second, and £50 for the third.

On the novel charge of having stolen three cubic feet of gas a Glasgow labourer was fined 7s. 6d. His gas supply having been cut off, he connected the pipe with tubing of his own.

As a protest against Irish stew, beef stew, and pea soup, a number of the male inmates of Work-sop Workhouse have struck. The guardians, however, refuse to make any alteration in the diet at present.

To-day the case of Dealtry v. Countess of Aberdeen and the other members of the executive or guarantee committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association will be tried before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury.

Whilst grazing in a field a hundred troop horses belonging to the 16th (Queen's) Lancers suddenly stampeded back to the barracks in Colchester. They frightened many people en route, but reached their allotted stalls without incident.

## CROWN PRINCE AND HIS IMPERIAL FATHER.



The marriage of the German Crown Prince to-day makes this unique photograph doubly interesting at the moment. So much has been heard of the sternness of the Emperor William as a father that it is pleasant to see a picture of him in more human guise. It was taken when the Crown Prince was between six and seven years old.

On one Suffolk farm there are just now 229 ewes with 419 lambs, and another flock shows 229 ewes with 397 lambs.

Owing to the insanitary conditions of Norwich cavalry barracks some of the Royal Scots Greys have vacated their quarters and are under canvas.

On Friday the Judges rise for the Whitsuntide vacation, and there will be no further sittings in the Law Courts until Tuesday, June 20, when the Trinity sittings begin.

To-day, at 4.30 p.m., the second annual meeting of the Parliamentary Association for the Abolition of Vivisection will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The Earl of Tankerville and Colonel Sandys, M.P., are announced to address the gathering.

When the Prince of Wales returns from Greenwich on June 17, after inaugurating the London County Council's steamboat service, the royal car will stop in front of Southwark Town Hall whilst the children of the elementary schools sing the National Anthem.

"Struggling places like Blackpool and Buxton have to advertise their hours of sunshine to induce people to visit them, but we do not so often see the name of Southport in the papers, probably because we have more sunshine than either," said a local councillor in opening the new baths at Southport.

Alfred Sico, an Italian itinerant musician, was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour at Dover yesterday for robbing automatic machines. Robberies had been going on for some time.

Summoned at Yarmouth because of her son's truancy, a woman told the magistrates that she had to fasten a dog-collar round her boy's arm and drag him to school.

Off Port Victoria a dinghy belonging to H.M. gunboat Thrush capsized and Private Birchett, of the Royal Marines, was drowned. The other occupants of the boat were saved.

Reynolds's portrait of the Countess of Bellamont, which realised 6,000 guineas at Christie's, was reproduced in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* by permission of Mr. Charles Davis, the purchaser.

By collision with a motor-car at Old Windsor yesterday a cyclist was so severely injured that he had to be taken to the infirmary. The car is said to have travelled forty yards before it could be brought to a standstill, and parts of the broken cycle were wedged in the machinery.

Sussex clergy have received a circular letter from the Bishop of Chichester warning them that attacks upon the Church are likely to be enormously increased whenever a general election takes place. His Lordship is organising special work of "Church defence and instruction" for the summer.

## WET WEATHER PESSIMISM.

**Gloomy Prospects for Whitsuntide  
Holiday Traffic.**

### NEW BRAZILIAN ISSUE.

CAEL COURT, Monday Evening.—There were different ways of looking at Stock Exchange matters to-day. The wet weather caused disbelievers in Home Rails to speak pessimistically of traffics and to make lugubrious forecasts of Whitsuntide possibilities. The Stock Exchange clerk noted with pleasure that the committee had decided to close the "House" next Saturday. The wet weather again kept the public from calling on their brokers, if indeed anybody wished to transact business.

There were two good points, and one or two bad ones. One of the good points was the great ease shown by the money market, ease the more noteworthy in that it was the day on which the Japanese moneys were transferred to the credit of the Japanese Government at the Bank of England. But, owing to prompt release of these or British Government disbursements, money remained cheap, and, after the Exchequer bonds payments to-morrow, it is not easy to see where an adverse money point can come in. The other good influence was that the Paris settlement has apparently gone off very smoothly.

The bad point was following upon the Westralian new issue of £1,400,000 of Saturday, which is now called ½ premium, there comes a Brazilian Rio de Janeiro issue of £3,000,000.

#### CONSOLS AGAIN DROOP.

Apparently the recent improvement in money prospects and peace chances cause some increase in the professional speculative account in Consols. Some of these speculators have been closing down, and Consols dipped to 90½, closing at 90 7/16 on the bullion influx at the Bank.

On Saturday New York sent us bad American prices and a bad bank statement. Here we put prices below the New York equivalent, but in the afternoon New York, and to some extent the Continent, proceeded to buy them. The close was goodish, chiefly Eries and Ontarios, and even Steels, in spite of the position being somewhat disliked, were fairly firm.

Canadian Rails seemed a little better, for one thing the Canadian Pacific traffic was goodish, showing 102,000 dollars increase.

#### PARIS STOCKS FIRM.

Japanese securities suffered for the same reason as Consols. Speculation has gone a little too fast as a result of the naval success and peace possibilities. To-day there was closing down, and the new scrip dipped to only ½ premium, while all the old bonds were weaker. Russians, it should be noted, showed no alteration. Generally speaking, in fact, Paris favourite stocks were distinctly good, and this was due to the Paris settlement having gone off satisfactorily. Copper shares were put better, partly because the metal was better. Perus were put up on a good traffic.

A glance round the Miscellaneous securities found the Chinese speculative lot better under the lead of Pekin Syndicates, and perhaps a little bidding for Decans at 3-7-16. Elsewhere Lyons were flat, and the Kent Coal rally soon seems to have fallen through.

#### KAFFIRS' BAD START.

Kaffirs started the day rather badly. Before the close, however, Paris seemed to render a little more support, and this had the effect of causing "bear" closing in some of the more prominent shares, but there was little cause for satisfaction as a whole, and the price list has a ragged appearance compared with Saturday. West Africans were a little dull, though at first there was some inquiry for Wassau on the expectation of the report and the meeting. Westralians were off colour. Nearly all the leading shares seemed to be rather offered, and among the low-priced lot Cosmopolitans and Hannan's Stars were flat. Other mining sections were dull.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all touting, outside brokers, and bucket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

J. B. MCKENZIE (A.S.): Do not deal with the firm. —OUTSIDE BROKERS (Investor): Do not deal with any of the firms named.—TWO QUESTIONS (C.W.): 1. It would be obviously improper to express an opinion, seeing that the interests of this journal are concerned. 2. Avoid all the bucket-shop keepers named as you would the plague. We forward the name of a broker.

COLLIERIES (Enquirer): Highly speculative. There is a "tap" on Eastern to buy them to sell. It is probably correct about an early dividend chance.—TWO QUESTIONS (Investor): We will make local inquiries as to the value of the shares.—BONDS (Bucks): Panamas about £4 5s.; Ottomans, £5 5s. A London broker could deal for you if you want one who really knows his way about the market. Which Paris firm do you deal with? You seem to have been greatly overcharged.



# NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror*, are at 12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1210 and 2100 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JUNE 6 1905.

### OUR STATE VISITOR.

IT was particularly unkind of the weather to damp in such determined fashion the welcome London had prepared yesterday for the King of Spain. Whenever the capital has visitors, we like to show them the greatest (but by no means the most beautiful) city in the world under a clear sky and in the sunshine. And in the case of our guest of this week there was a special reason for hoping that he might get a favourable first impression.

King Alfonso is only nineteen. He is just at an age to appreciate and enjoy processions and decorations and all the pageantry which attends a crowned head. That is why everybody is so much interested in him. The phrase on all lips yesterday was "What bad luck." If he had been an elderly, or even a middle-aged, monarch, the rain would have been accepted in a much more philosophic spirit. That a boy's pleasure should be spoiled, or even diminished, went straight to all our hearts.

In another ten years Alfonso XIII. will be too well used to ceremonies to think them anything but a bore. He will regard them just as a bank clerk regards going to work every morning. Now all is fresh and interesting to him. He has never till now been out of his native country. He has never had so much fuss made about him. It is worth taking trouble to welcome and entertain a young Sovereign. He is certain to like it.

The gilt soon wears off the royal gingerbread. No one need grudge our young guest his splendours. Think of the letters he will write to his widowed mother left at home. Let us hope he will have better luck the rest of the week. It was unkind of the weather to provide such a sorry welcome for him in the skies.

### THE VIOLIN FOR ALL.

The London County Council will be asked to-day to consider a proposal that children in elementary schools should be taught to play instruments at the ratepayers' expense. It is a proposal which certainly requires a great deal of consideration.

No doubt music has a civilising effect. It also adds interest to life. But to teach "fairly large numbers" of children to play the violin, and to give instruction in other instruments as well, strikes one, in the present state of elementary education, as being like teaching little girls to make a soufflé before they know how to cook a potato.

If we really grounded every child thoroughly in its own language, trained its intelligence, taught it to think a little; if, in addition, we gave it a trade which would enable it to earn a decent living with its hands; then we might think about teaching it to play the violin or the oboe or the bassoon.

As things stand at present the Education Committee of the L.C.C. seem to us to be like a mother trying to induce her child to run before it can walk. There is also the question of expense to be thought of. We spend an enormous amount on education as it is, and get very little for it. The Committee would have a better claim upon us if they could show better results for the money they have already disposed of.

Teach children part singing by all means. That should be part of the regular course. But the violin! Think of the many struggling ratepayers who would be glad to have their children taught an instrument and are utterly unable to afford it. We ought to be just before we are so generous as this.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is something positively agreeable to all men, to all, at least, whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake.—*Lord Brougham* (1776-1868).

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING's weather certainly cannot be said to have favoured the royal procession yesterday, and the electrifying effect of rather inebriate-looking poles, swathed in red flannel, which appear to be our great invention in the matter of decorations, was considerably marred by the persistent rain. King Edward must be sorry that his guest should get a first impression of London in the wet, though that is better than the fog which greeted the King of Portugal. For the rest, his Majesty knows how to make any function a success, and his tact in the reception of different kinds of potentates is inimitable.

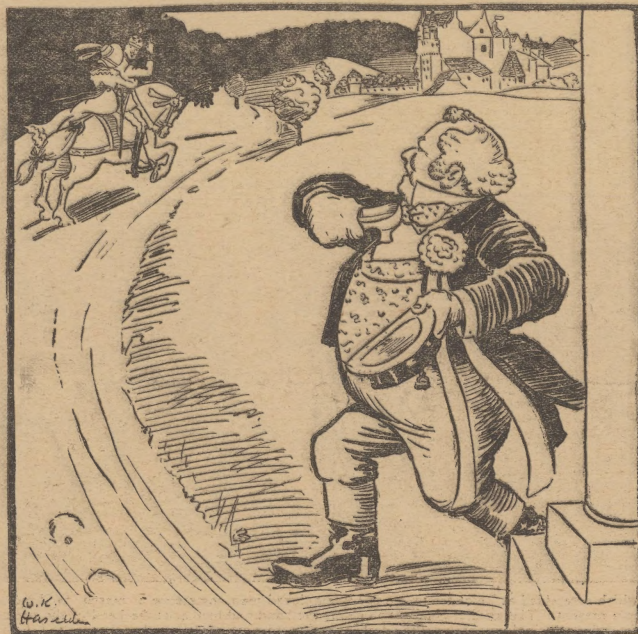
Oriental visitors, like the Shah, naturally require a greater exertion of this tact than any European visitor. They sometimes behave in a comic way, and it would be fatal even to smile at any of their eccentricities. Once, during the last reign, a deputation from a certain Far-Eastern Prince attended

decessor in the office—a sound box on the ears and an order "to mind his own business." All this, however—the perquisites and the treatment—only just compensate for the misery of listening to other people talking through interminable hours.

The great society event of to-day is the marriage of Lord Loch and Lady Margaret Compton, the only daughter of Lord Northampton, who will miss her very much, for he has been her constant companion and "chaperon" since her mother's death three years ago. Lord Loch, the bridegroom, has the proverbial good looks and fascination supposed to attach to Guardsmen, and he served with distinction both in the Sudan and in the Transvaal. It was in South Africa that he was badly wounded in the ankle, on which calamity Lord Methuen unkindly commented by saying that "people with such big feet must expect to be shot in them."

Sir John Ure Primrose, who is to preside to-night at the festival dinner of the Royal Caledonian Asylum at the Hotel Cecil, is a typical Scots magistrate, with a reputation for being very severe on

### JOHN BULL'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.



The future German Emperor will be married to-day to the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

upon Queen Victoria at Windsor. When they were shown into the Throne Room they began to comport themselves so strangely, with such exaggerated salutes and grimaces, that the gravity of the Court was overcome, and the long lines of Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were seen to totter with uncontrollable laughter. But not a muscle in Queen Victoria's face moved. She was calm and dignified throughout, and only when all was over turned to the Princess of Wales and said: "I hope I shall never have to go through such an experience again."

To-day Mr. Gully officially resigns his position as Speaker of the House of Commons, and retires, much to the regret of those whom he has so courteously ruled, on the official pension of £4,000 a year. This pension used to be £2,000 a year, extended over two lives. It was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, one of the most dignified of Speakers, who, on the grounds that he did not wish to inflict a burden on posterity, volunteered to take £4,000 for his lifetime only. By that plan he gained, simultaneously, an increase of income and a reputation for self-sacrifice, which—just have been almost as pleasant as the proverbially delicious experience of doing a charitable action by stealth and having it found out by chance.

The Speaker's is one of those positions to which innumerable privileges are attached, and when the new one is appointed he will receive perquisites in the shape of two hogsheds of claret for his cellar, £100 a year for stationery, 2,000 ounces of plate for his table, and £1,000 for the provision of robes. He is the "first commoner of England," too, nowadays, and receives very different treatment from that which Queen Elizabeth threatened a pre-

abandoned criminals and—very faithful to his friends. He is said to have a special detestation for wife-beaters, and invariably inflicts the maximum penalty upon them. He regards as a great compliment, therefore, the remark made by a wife to her husband who was in court one morning on a charge of cruelty. As soon as she caught sight of the magistrate the woman exclaimed: "God help our Jamie! It's the wee bald-headed yin!"

As a boy Sir John was allowed to run wild, and spent most of his time bathing in the Clyde, near his parents' home. He always went to church on Sunday, however, though even there his independence of disposition did not desert him. A very "dour" old lady came to him once and informed him sternly that he was sitting in her pew. "Pardon me," said the boy, with excessive politeness, and he indicated in the paraphrased psalm for that day these lines:—

"What'er we fondly call our own  
Belongs to Heaven's great Lord."

The Kaiser has shown considerable discernment in honouring Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny with the high-sounding Order of the Red Eagle. "K.K.," as his friends familiarly call him, used to be known as Kenny simply, till he inherited a fortune some eight years ago on the condition that he should adopt his present double-barrelled name. His coolness as a soldier may be illustrated by recalling how once, during the Boer war, he rode to the top of a ridge, in full view of the enemy, and stood there for a minute or two taking a calm survey of the position. The Boers had not recovered from their surprise before he had vanished again, leaving them convinced that they had seen an uncommonly stalwart ghost.

## THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM.

Germany's Future Ruler, Who Is To Be Married To-day in Berlin.

IF there is anything with which the German Crown Prince has to reckon, even then, it is with making him a prince and the future William III. But to-day he is marrying the wife of his choice, and his misfortunes are forgotten.

The reason he does not find the position of Crown Prince a bed of roses is that he is a person who likes to think and act for himself, while as a prince, and his father's son especially, he has less liberty than anyone else in Germany.

His early education was too hard. He was busy at work when English boys are still romping in nursery and garden. At the age of five he had his first uniform. At ten he was a lieutenant in the army.

And he had been taught to obey by the Kaiser, his lessons being often enforced by the parental cane. The result from the Kaiser's point of view has been excellent. The future ruler of Germany looks upon the present one as the greatest man alive. Still, though he has learned to look up to him he has not learned to fear him.

The disagreements between father and son have only been over minor matters. The Crown Prince has an English taste for sports; the Kaiser has not. When the Crown Prince rode in a steeplechase over one of the most dangerous courses in Europe he found he had to pay for the risk to his neck with several days' arrest.

### A FEARLESS HORSEMAN.

Then, too, the Kaiser did not appreciate him riding his charger up the steep Palace steps just because it was difficult and somewhat dangerous. He was also annoyed when his son and heir visited an anti-military play at the theatre, which had been put "out of bounds" for officers.

On the Prince's other forms of amusement the Kaiser looks more favourably, though even then he finds somewhat too English. He does not mind him being an excellent tennis-player, as that is not dangerous, but he does not care for the Prince's shooting expeditions. Shooting with Prince Wilhelm does not partake of a royal function with correct uniforms, a crowd of attendants, and an army of beaters. He prefers to wander off with a single keeper and hunt his game as well as shoot it.

And though the Kaiser is proud of his son's powers as a swimmer, he objects to his risking his life swimming the Rhine in flood.

If ever the Kaiser and his eldest son should quarrel seriously, it will be over the latter's sense of humour. The Kaiser has none himself, and consequently finds his son's rather trying.

### CHAFFING THE KAISER.

Once the Kaiser entered his son's room and asked him to go for a walk.

"Certainly," said the Prince; and then, noticing that his father was in naval uniform, he added: "But where are you going—to the Aquarium?" The Kaiser does not understand any uniform being out of place anywhere.

When he came of age and went to live in bachelor apartments he soon showed signs of a disregard of forms and ceremonies. He was seen travelling on tramcars and carrying his own parcels. There were stories of a fair American actress, for whom he wished to resign the Crown. The parental mind was disturbed.

A European tour followed, in the course of which he came to England, and on his return to Germany he went to the university at Bonn.

If he did not make himself very popular there in student circles, he did among the townspeople. He did not mind the drinking and rowdiness of the students, and their duelling—in which he could not take part, even if he had wanted—struck him as idiotic. Instead of these things, he indulged his tastes for outdoor sports and music.

He went out, too, into such society as he could find, causing a good deal of heart-burning among army and official classes by preferring the better middle-class families.

A soldier at heart, in spite of his aversion to the coarser sides of the young German character, so plainly seen in the army, he has the keenest sense of duty, and has the royal quality of punctuality and punctilious keeping of engagements. Calm, collected, and shrewd, mentally healthy, though somewhat too romantic, and physically sound, he will make a good ruler when his day comes.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 5.—The double-flowered *trillium* (globe flower) is in bloom. Its bright yellow flowers, standing proudly up, are exceedingly striking. The *trillium* is a very easily-grown plant, but, for some mysterious reason, is sadly neglected. Countless blossoms now peep from the rather straggly foliage of the "stars of Bethlehem." These pretty flowers are also called "eleven o'clock ladies," because they only open when the sun is high.

Pyrethrums, many-hued and beautiful, rush into being. Their blooms, varying from white to crimson and lilac, are wonderfully gay. E. F. T.

To-morrow (Wednesday) will be published No. 4 of Mr. E. Kay Robinson's delightful journal of outdoor life, the "Country-Side." One penny everywhere.



# LEICESTER "COXEY'S" ARMY MARCH on LONDON



A wonderful photograph of the huge crowd which assembled at Leicester to see 500 unemployed men commence a march to London last Sunday. It is estimated there were more than 100,000 people present. The smaller photograph shows the band and banner at the head of the procession of out-of-works as it left Leicester, and the portraits are of two of the principal organisers of the demonstration, who are accompanying the men to London—Mr. George White (on the left) and Mr. Sheriff (on the right).

## TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY.

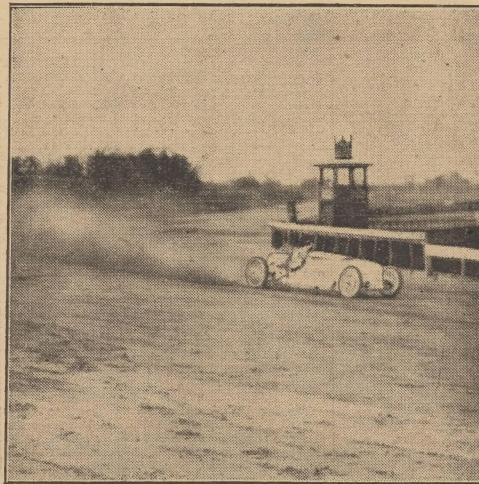


Lady Margaret Compton, only daughter of the Marquis of Northampton, who is to be married to-day at the Guards' Chapel to—



Lord Loch, M.V.O., D.S.O., Major, Grenadier Guards, an officer who did good work in the Sudan and South Africa.—(H. W. Barnett.)

## MAKING A WORLD'S RECORD.



Webb Jay lowering the world's track record for a steam car at Morris Park, New York. He drove a White 20-h.p. steam car, and did the mile in 53sec., beating previous record by 4sec.



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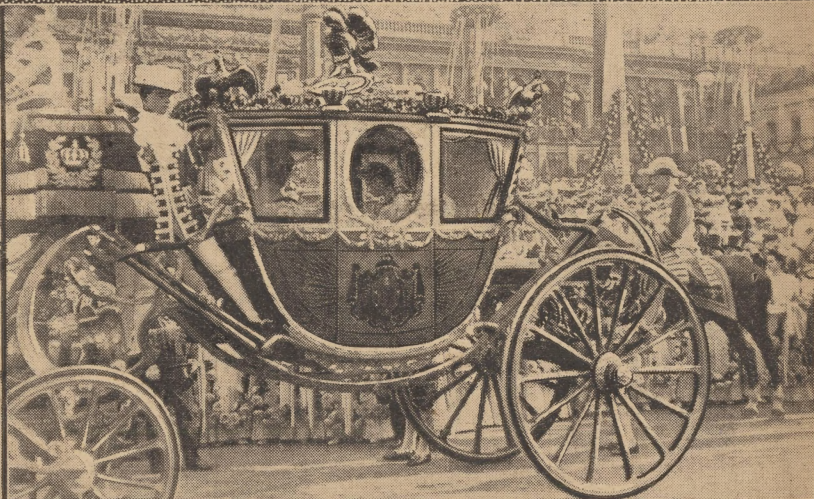
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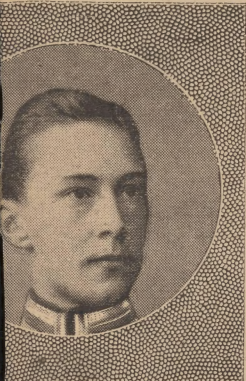
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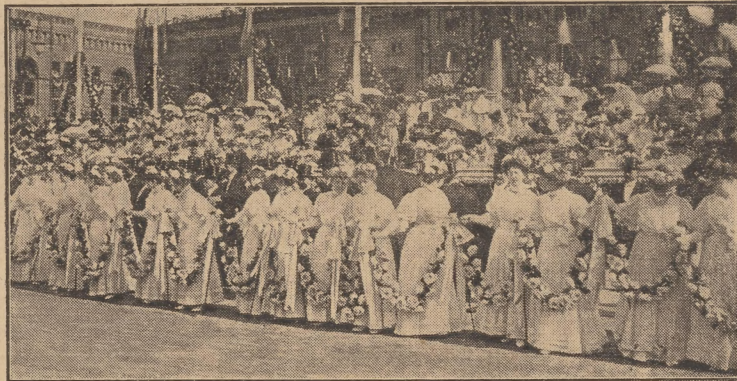
# TO-DAY'S ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN



cept high holiday on Saturday to provide a fitting welcome to the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the bride-elect of the German Crown Prince, on the occasion of her state entry into the capital. Understood that roses were the correct decoration, and the route traversed by the procession was transformed into a garden of the queen of flowers. The photograph on the left shows the Crown Prince Frederick William, escorted by a company of his regiment of Foot Guards, on his way to the Imperial Palace to greet the future bride, and the other was taken as the state coach conveying the Duchess Cecilie, with the Empress, paused at the Pariserplatz while the Burgomaster of Berlin read an address, and one of a bevy of rose-decked maidens presented the Duchess with a bouquet.



Prince Frederick William, who is to be married to-day to the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to-day. The Crown Prince is twenty-three years of age.



The band of beautiful rose-maidens drawn up in the Pariserplatz to welcome the Duchess Cecilie on her way to the Imperial Palace. One hundred in number, they were all uniformly dressed in white and crowned with roses, bearing festoons of the same flowers in their hands. They presented a monster bouquet to the Duchess.



Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg, who is to be married to-day to the German Crown Prince. She is the youngest sister of the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.



Three portraits of the Crown Prince as a child. The first shows him in one of his first military uniforms—that of a hussar—and in the second he was photographed with his favourite pony. He is now, in the third, as befits one who will one day be the war-lord of a great battle-fleet.



From special stands erected along the route of the royal procession numbers of schoolgirls dressed in white and crowned with flowers threw roses before the Duchess Cecilie's carriage. It was among the prettiest incidents of the splendid reception prepared by Berlin for the Crown Prince's bride-to-be.



## THE CAMERA

## AT THE FRONT.

Some of the Dangers and Trials of  
a Photographer at the Siege  
of Port Arthur.

Much has been written by and about the ordinary newspaper war correspondent, but the public know very little of the dangers and difficulties that are faced by the photographic correspondent. Mr. Joseph Rosenthal has for some years past accompanied his cinematograph camera into all sorts of dangerous positions. In addition to going through the Boer war from start to finish, he has been through the present campaign from its commencement until the fall of Port Arthur, and he is responsible for the pictures of the siege and surrender now appearing at the Alhambra music-hall.

Now that Port Arthur has surrendered, and my films have been duly claimed from the censor and sent home to England, I can heave a sigh of relief and look forward to four months of comparative quiet and relaxation from the constant strain of being under fire.

I can give little ideas, in a short space, of the dangers and difficulties as well as of the pleasures, which attend work like mine. For months past, each time I have seen the sun rise I have wondered whether I should see it set again, for in order to get pictures it is necessary to be at the firing line all the time and to expose one's self to almost as great risks as the troops themselves.

## LIVING IN THE TRENCHES.

Naturally, the authorities do all in their power to keep correspondents out of the way. At Port Arthur the commissary who had charge of my feeding arrangements was ordered to keep six miles behind the firing line, the idea being that, as no doubt I should be obliged to eat a whole, knocking myself, camera, and shield over in a heap.

I have, too, often seen the huge shells fired from the guns in the fort explode quite close to me, and I have followed with my eye, and, in fact, have photographed, some of these shells in their passage through the air. On one occasion I took my station close to the gun, and spent an hour or more taking photographs of the men as they worked it. When I had finished I shifted my ground elsewhere, and within twenty minutes a

shell from a gun in Port Arthur struck the weapon of which I had been taking pictures, and put it out of action. Every man working that gun was instantaneously killed, and had I not moved on I must inevitably have shared their fate.

One of my narrowest escapes occurred in the trenches, where I had spent the night sharing the ration and accommodation of the kind-hearted little Japs on each side of me. When morning broke so heavy a fire was opened by the enemy's guns that our position became untenable, and we were forced to retire. As he bent down to lend me a hand, one of my companions was mortally wounded by a cannon shot which entered close to his shoulder. He fell forward actually on to the camera, and as no ambulance happened to be near I was forced to unscrew the legs of my tripod, and, spreading my overcoat upon them, improvised a stretcher on which we bore him to safety.

## FIRING BRINGS RAIN.

Apart from incidents like these—and I could quote any number—a photographic war correspondent has many other anxieties which, when once he has become used to being under fire, worry him far more than dangers to life and limb. My stock of films, for instance, had been much damaged by constant travel and exposure to the damp atmospheric conditions for one curious result of the siege of Port Arthur has been the unusual weather conditions produced by the continuous heavy firing.

Each time I took a picture I wondered whether the film I used was in a sufficiently good condition to give any result at all. To suddenly see and seize upon the opportunity to obtain a set of pictures of some particularly striking incident fills one with somewhat the same feelings as must come over the gold-seeker when he unexpectedly hits upon a valuable deposit. The sensations of the war photographer who cannot trust his materials are about the same as those of the gold-seeker who, knowing gold is below his feet, has no implements with which to dig.

JOSEPH ROSENTHAL.

## A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

## A Wet Day in June.

So some tempestuous morn in early June,  
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
Before the roses and the longest day—  
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor  
With blossoms red and white of fallen May  
And chestnut flowers are strewn—  
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
From the wet field, through the vest garden-trees,  
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze,  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom goes I.*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?  
Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snappings,  
Sweet William with his homely cottage smell,  
And stocks in fragrant bloom;  
Roses that down the alleys shiver and spent  
And open jasmine-muffled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
And the full moon and the white evening star.  
—Matthew Arnold (from "Thyrsis").

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.  
JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.  
SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Dafodil, was expected to win the Derby.  
B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.  
DOLORES ST. NERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)  
ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Dafodil in the Derby.  
BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

## CHAPTER XXXIV. (continued.)

Lyndal stepped forward quietly and laid her hand on Arthur Merrick's arm.  
But it was too late; his face had grown livid with rage. He trembled from head to foot as Billy repeated the awful accusation.

Pushing Lyndal roughly aside, he strode forward, his right arm swung straight out, straight into the defiant, contorted face of the stable lad. Billy staggered—the attack was unexpected and very sudden. He tried to recover himself, to defend himself, but like a flash Merrick's left followed his right, each blow falling on to the same spot with a sickening thud, thud.

The old man gave a hoarse cry as he fell heavily on to his back, his hands shot out, not to break his fall but to cover his face, bruised and broken where those slender but iron fists had fallen.

In an instant Merrick towered over him, for a moment he hesitated, as if tempted to continue the whipping he had given or even kick the ungainly form writhing at his feet.

His rage had taken away his self control. Perhaps it was Lyndal's voice that stopped him, perhaps he remembered just in time that he was a

gentleman. With an effort he controlled the unarrangeable impulse to chastise a beaten opponent helpless at his feet, and turning on his heel he walked out of the stable door.

Still livid of face, still trembling and shaking like one with an ague, his eyes unnaturally large and bright, he walked through the hall and dashed up stairs to his bedroom. On the way he met Marvis, pushed past him as if unconscious of his presence.

The trainer stopped, horrified, and for the moment speechless.  
"What's the matter," he gasped, running after Merrick and laying a detaining hand on his shoulder. "What's happened—what have you been doing?"

A hoarse grating laugh and—  
"Go to the stables and you'll see," was his answer. He thought that Merrick was delicious, and he followed him to his bedroom, but the door was banged in his face and quickly locked.

"Merrick, my boy—let me in. Tell me what's the matter—let me in," he cried.

But only a grating peal of laughter replied. Then, thoroughly alarmed, Marvis hurried to the stables: instinctively he went straight to King Dafodil's quarters, and there he found Lyndal supporting Billy, who still lay on the ground, his head on her lap.

He knew what had happened then, and he spoke no word, but gently putting Lyndal aside he lifted the old man on to his feet.

"Come on now—pull yourself together," he said gruffly as he struggled with his burden across the yard. "You're hurt, but if you are it serves you right."

Billy dropped his hands from his face then and something that was half a laugh and half a sob escaped his lips.

"No, I'm not hurt—but dazed for a minute—let me go—don't hold me—I can walk all right now."

"I'll give you a hand to your room," Marvis said in reply. "You'd better lie down for a few minutes and pull yourself together. Then—"

"Yes, and then—" Billy stammered.

"Look where you're going. Have you been

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## "FUSS" IN THE NAVY.

There is a question I should like to ask: Did Admiral Togo win his great victory with his men in strict uniform (such as bows of cap-ribbons hanging down), and after mustering bags and hammocks before he went into action?

I do not see that uniform tends to make the fleet more efficient, and while the men are "mustering bags" they lose what instruction they ought to have in gunnery and torpedo.

Some time ago it was generally understood that the Admiralty were going to do away with that part of a kit which is absolutely useless to a modern seaman, but nothing has been done as yet.

A. WILLIAMSON.

## PNEUMONIA BLOUSES.

Now that the summer is upon us there is a natural desire for lightness of clothing, but is it impossible for ladies to keep cool without appearing in the daytime in a species of evening-dress? Putting a modesty out of the question, is it not courting illness to wear a blouse which exposes the neck and shoulders?

J. C. J. M.

## WHY DO PEOPLE READ?

I have read your "Thought for To-day." "Some read to know—these are rare; some to write—these are common; and some read to talk—and these last form the great majority."

I think the majority read to be amused. They are either too lazy, or are not gifted with a sufficiently good memory to remember what they have read.

MILDRED MUSSON.

Heene-terrace, Worthing.

## IS THE EARTH FLAT?

Are any *Mirror* readers of the same opinion as Lady E. A. M. Blount, who declares that this earth is not a globe in space, but flat?

I wonder why the "pedestal" on which it rests—I suppose one must presume a pedestal—has not been discovered ere this? A. AUSTEN SMITH.

Handsworth, Birmingham.

## WHICH IS THE EXTRAVAGANT SEX?

I think 11s. 6d. a good deal to give for a hat; my husband paid 35s. for a Panama.

A bill of £10 caused a painful scene, although it included summer outfit for five children and myself. I can go for a trip on a steamer with the children, spending 10s. My husband will go alone and spend 15s., only having a lunch on board.

A MOTHER.

Southampton.

## ATLANTIC SAILING RECORD.

In your description of the Atlantic yacht race you speak of it as a record for sailing ships, but it does not compare with the passage of a large American clipper, the Southampton, which made the run from Sandy Hook to off Penzance, in Cornwall, in 91 days, in September, 1852.

I was a passenger on that occasion from New York to London. THOS. M. BRYAN.

Llanrhos, Llandudno, North Wales.

drinking?" he said suspiciously, throwing him into a basket and standing over him in disapproval, disappointment, and utter weariness marked on every line of his face.

"Drinking," Billy echoed. "No—not yet; I waited till I'd seen him, told him that one of us at last known the truth, though the crime as he'd planned in his heart and committed, told him that one of us had been wasn't afraid to speak."

He had put his hands up again over his eyes, where the blood still flowed.

"No, I ain't been drinking—yet—it's only dazed I am; the blood's in my eye and I can't see clear."

Marvis threw a sponge and towel. "Bathe your eye and then, if you can, pack your things and come to my study," he said quietly.

He tried to speak quite calmly, but he could not altogether obliterate the emotion in his voice.

Billy looked up quickly, his body jerked to attention and his one eye, now a mere red blotch of bruised flesh, vainly tried to find Joe Marvis, to bring his into focus, wasn't afraid to speak."

"What's that—you say?"

Marvis turned away. He repeated what he had said, only less steadily, less calmly. There was no mistaking his meaning.

Billy's head fell forward on his chest with a groan; he seized the towel and pressed it to his bruised and bleeding face.

"You mean—" his voice broke, he struggled hard to speak, but his throat had suddenly become like a hollow, soundless tube. "You mean," he rattled, "that you're going to kick me out . . . kick me out, at last."

"I warned you," Joe Marvis whispered. He dared not trust himself to speak aloud.

"And you're a man of your word. It's my own fault. . . . But I spoke the truth. You've had nothing but the truth from me since I've been with you, nothing but the truth, and now it's the truth as is driving me away."

"You're mad," Marvis said slowly, still hesitating

(Continued on page 11.)

A PEEP AT AN  
OLD-FASHIONED BOOK.

Few things are more interesting, or, indeed, more amusing, than an old book of medical recipes, telling of various herbs and plants and their supposed healing virtues. In the book before us some of these fantastic remedies are mentioned, and it is a curious fact that so many of the health troubles of two or three centuries ago were connected with the skin. Evidently our ancestors must have suffered terribly from skin troubles. One comes across such headings as "An Anguish in an Old Ringer Sore," "To Eat Dead Flesh Out of an Ulcer," "To Dry a Pestilential Humour in the Blood," and scores of others. The suggested remedies in some cases make one shudder and wonder how it was possible for people to tolerate the application of a mixture of blue vitriol and sugar of lead, burnt on a fire shovel, to a sore place, as this quaint book recommends.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY.

One famous remedy of old times was known as "The Green Ointment," and the directions for making it were as follows: "Take horseleek and rue, wormwood, featherfew, French balm, ground ivy, green of elder, mullein, wild-sundew, a handful of each well bruised. Put the above ingredients in two quarts of sweet cream and let it steep a while longer, continue steeping in cream as you put in 2lb. of hogfat; steep in a while longer, and lastly put in 2lb. fresh butter. When the water is all steeped away strain out the herbs."

It is more than doubtful whether, after all this trouble had been taken, the wonderful ointment was much used, and it is absolutely certain that "Antexema," the famous skin remedy for every skin trouble, is a thousand times more successful than this marvellous composition could ever have been.

## HOW THE SKIN BECOMES UNHEALTHY.

When we talk about a skin trouble we mean that the health of the outer or scarf skin is affected in some way. If, for instance, too much oil is secreted by the oil glands on the skin, it produces a sore on the surface and in the glands and the skin becomes more complexed with fat spots. If, on the other hand, the supply of oil is scanty, the skin will be delicate and irritable, and look red, rough, cracked, or neglected, and eczema frequently follows this appearance. Does your skin look like this?

If there is undue pressure on the scarf skin at any particular spot, it becomes thickened, and a corn or bunion forms. Then, again, the scarf skin may be unhealthy, and give rise to chronic eczema or psoriasis, or the blood may be impure and cause sores, for as Shakespeare says: "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to various causes. Microscopic fungi eating into the surface, or the perspiration may be acid and contain excess of impurities, and so cause irritation or inflammation, as in rheumatic or gouty eczema, netterashes, and shingles. The scarf skin may even be temporarily destroyed by a burn, scald, or acute eczema. Whatever the cause of disfigurement or disfigurement, however, the one thing the sufferer wants is something that will remove his discomfort and make his skin pure, clear, and healthy again.

## SOME PREVALENT SKIN TROUBLES.

We do not propose to give a complete or exhaustive list of the various ailments which affect the skin, but merely mention a selection from those discussed in our recently-published family handbook on "Skin Troubles." Anyone who has any skin trouble the name of which we give, should most certainly send for our handbook and learn the nature of the ailment, and right way to cure it. The following are some forms of skin illness: Acne, baby's skin troubles, bad complexion, barber's itch, boils, blotches, burns and scalds, dandruff; delicate, sensitive, irritable, easily-chapped skin; skin troubles affecting the face, neck, hands, and scalp; eczema (chronic and acute), eczema of the legs, erysipelas, facial blemishes, flushings, freckles, gouty or rheumatic eczema, insect bites, leg wounds, lip and chin troubles, netterashes, piles, pimples, psoriasis, ringworm, shingles, scrofula, and wrinkles. These are merely some of the troubles that attack the skin, many of them very unsightly, and all causing discomfort, if not actual pain.

## WHEN TO COMMENCE YOUR CURE.

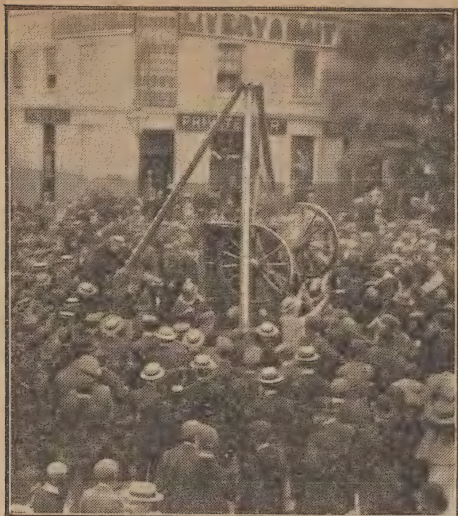
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## MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

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## CURIOUS ACCIDENT AT SURBITON.



While proceeding to a fire at Kingston, the Surbiton salvage van fell into a deep excavation in the road, dragging the horses after it. The photograph was taken as the van was being raised after the accident.

## BOER AMAZON AS A VOCALIST.



Miss Henriette Van der Hoven, of Johannesburg, who commanded the regiment of Boer women which was to have taken part in the war in South Africa. will make her debut in England as a vocalist at the Queen's Hall on Friday.

## L.C.C. RIVER FLEET AT GREENWICH.



The L.C.C. fleet of river steamboats is approaching completion. A number of them are now assembled at Greenwich in readiness for service, which begins on June 17. Those shown in the photograph are of specially shallow draught, and will be used for up-river work.

## TINY VICTIM.



John Hamilton, the child who was fearfully injured at Rutherglen by a supposed maniac, has just died in hospital.

# Well-Spring OF Health and Beauty.

With the many thousands of men and women who, at one time excessively stout, have been at last permanently reduced to normal weight and correct proportions, Antipon is a constant theme of praise. They discovered from experience that no other remedy or method of diminishing weight possessed the element of *permanency* in the reduction effected. They found that no sooner were those so-called remedies discontinued than the accumulation of diseased and superabundant fat began anew. They also found out, to their cost, that the old-time methods were weakening in the extreme, dangerous to health, and where, as in most instances, mineral poisons were employed, were productive of the most alarming symptoms. In a great many cases it was found absolutely impossible to continue the drastic remedies prescribed—remedies whose baleful effects were aggravated by a limited and non-nutritious dietary, exhausting sweating exercises, constant use of cathartics, etc.

With the advent of Antipon thousands of these sufferers from remedies which were worse than the disease found salvation. Why was this? Simply because Antipon is not only the most potent fat-absorbent ever given to the world, but is at the same time a splendid tonic, increasing appetite and assisting the digestive process to such good purpose that, while the process of fat elimination is satisfactorily proceeding, the subject is all the time being re-strengthened by the larger quantity of wholesome, properly-digested food taken. That, in a few words, is the underlying principle of the Antipon treatment. Enrich the blood, increase muscular development, and tone up the entire system, on the one hand; gradually destroy and eliminate the diseased, fatty deposits, and minimise the tendency to make fat, on the other.

That Antipon has been wholly successful in effecting this wonderful change is recognised by the most competent authorities on the treatment of obesity. Should there be any doubt in the reader's mind, we need only point to the hundreds of grateful letters preserved for inspection (if desired) at the offices of the Antipon Company. They are absolutely convincing. The Press, also, has given a most cordial welcome to Antipon, and interesting articles on the unique value of the Antipon treatment have appeared in such influential organs of opinion as the "Illustrated London News," the "Lady's Pictorial," the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," the "Sketch," "Lady's Realm," "The Illustrated Paper," "Great Thoughts," "Weekly Telegraph," "Christian Age," "Weldon's Ladies' Journal"; beside scores of others. From the very day of its introduction to the public, Antipon has been uniformly successful, and in it thousands have found a well-spring of health and beauty. To follow a consistent course of Antipon is to look young again, feel young again, and to keep on looking and feeling young.

Yet the Antipon treatment is the most simple, easy, and pleasant that could be imagined. Just an occasional dose of an agreeable liquid tonic of purely vegetable ingredients and entirely harmless; just a hearty appetite (which Antipon creates) and plenty of good food to satisfy it; just the cheerful enjoyment of the real pleasures of health and hygiene—that is the entire treatment. There are no disagreeable restrictions, dietary or other; there is no call for constant cathartics (Antipon is neither aperient nor the reverse); nor is there any need for violent sweating exercise. Antipon is, briefly, the ideal home remedy for excessive stoutness: it constitutes a treatment which may be followed in strict privacy and without the least discomfort or inconvenience.

Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a decrease which varies (according to the individual case) between 8oz. and 3lb. Then afterwards there is a continuous daily reduction, always reliable, until satisfactory conditions are restored, that is, normal weight and graceful proportions. The doses may then be stopped with full reliance in the permanency of the cure. The reduction is not merely abdominal, but is proportionate over the entire body, so that while the waist is diminishing by inches and the bulky hips are becoming normal, the baggy cheeks and double chin are subsiding into internal lines of beauty. Antipon extends its tonic effect even to the skin, stimulating its action and thus again helping in the purification of the blood too long vitiated by floating fatty matter more or less dissolved. The complexion becomes rosy with health and the skin pure. Another point must be mentioned. The dangerous superabundant internal fatty deposits that are so detrimental to the free natural action of the heart, lungs, and liver are gradually absorbed and eliminated, leaving the organs in their normal condition, acting freely. Antipon, finally, is not an expensive treatment, and is therefore all the more acceptable.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or should difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending remittance) post free in private package, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

at the door. "I warned you to hold your tongue; I told you to hold your tongue, and you disobeyed my orders. Because once upon a time you lived among knaves and did knavish tricks yourself, you don't realise the gravity of the—the vile insinuations you dared to make against a gentleman."

Marvis's just rage began to oust sentiment. "You're lucky to get off so easily, with a black eye and a month's wages. But you've served me well, and I can't find it in my heart to treat you as you deserve to be treated, as I'd have treated anyone else in my employ who'd have dared to say what you've said and repeated."

"Don't treat me different to the rest," the old fellow choked out bitterly. "I ain't different to the rest—I've only loved you better—you and Miss Lyndal—and the colt."

"If you'd loved us—you'd have obeyed me," Marvis replied. "You wouldn't have thought, much less spoken, evil of anyone in Rose Cottage! When you assail the honour of any single soul associated with me you assail my honour. That's all I have to say. Come to my study in an hour's time."

He walked out of the room and shut the door behind him.

Billy sat in the chair where Marvis had placed him. He sat quite still, immovable. At Marvis's last words the towel he had held to his face fell to the floor, and now Billy stared at the closed door with red sightless eyes—one eye long since closed and dead, the other a mere bruised, broken thing.

"His honour—assailed his honour," he repeated slowly. "What did he mean by that? I don't understand—ain't never had no experience in honour, never learnt its meaning."

The shadows lengthened, and the sun dropped behind the hill. One full hour passed, but still Billy sat in the chair in his little room staring at the closed door and seeing it not, muttering over and over again words that he did not understand.

At length the sound of the church clock struck him back to consciousness.

He stretched out his arms wearily and a sob struck his body.

"Kings, I'm going to leave yer, because I loved yer too much! It's your honour as was assailed, I'm thinking, and I tried to save it! Where are yer, King? Can't yer hear me?"

He laughed stupidly as he staggered to his feet.

"And The Brute—I s'pose I'll have to leave yer behind—they'll shoot yer, sonny, sure! I wish to heaven they'd shot me, long ago! How dark it's gettin'—it's time I was kicked out."

He felt his way to the washhandstand, and slowly and laboriously bathed his damaged eye.

It took a long, long time. Every now and then he looked up, dried his face, and walked to the window.

"Funny," he ejaculated—"darned funny."

Marvis had gone straight to Arthur Merrick's room after leaving Billy. He found the door unlocked now, and he entered and sat down beside Merrick and put his hand in the boy's.

"I'm sorry for what has happened, Arthur, old fellow; very sorry, especially at such a moment, when you're least able to stand any worry."

Merrick interrupted with a laugh.

"Oh, that's all right, don't worry—I understand."

"I've kicked him out, discharged him," Marvis said.

Merrick heard by his voice how the "kicking him out" had hurt Marvis, and he started almost guiltily.

"You shouldn't have done that."

"I couldn't do anything else; I feel I ought to do more. Indeed, if he opens his lips to a single soul outside this house I will do more—I'll be merciless. Don't you understand what it would mean to you—to us—if such a report got about?"

Merrick turned his face towards the trainer.

"Did he give any reasons?" he asked slowly.

"Reasons? What'd you mean? How could he give reasons! The old fool was prejudiced against

you from the first—but there, my boy, we won't discuss the matter now, we won't discuss it ever again. Dismiss it from your mind altogether for ever. The fortune of war, that's all. Come, you must turn in at once, or we shall have you seriously ill."

"Don't go," Merrick whispered. "Don't go."

"I must. I've a lot to attend to. I'll send Lyn to you."

"No, don't go. The fortune of war, you said. D'you mean that?"

Marvis frowned, and hesitated before replying.

"Of course, I mean it; what are you driving at?"

"Wasn't it bad jockeyship—wasn't it funk, or carelessness or something of that sort—that caused the accident?"

"Just bad luck, that's all, my boy. Now, don't worry, turn in, and go to sleep."

"But why did I have bad luck?" Merrick insisted. "What brought me bad luck, have you asked yourself that?"

Again a frown settled across Marvis's forehead, a deep, puzzled frown.

"No one can explain luck," he said with attempted brightness. "Luck is a strange, fickle goddess—like all women, unreliable."

But still Merrick would not let Marvis leave him.

"Did Billy tell you why he believed that I—I didn't ride straight—of course, it's all ridiculous, but I want to know—did he give you any reasons?"

Marvis began to grow irritated.

"Good heavens, how could he give me reasons? If you go on like this you'll be delirious again, for goodness sake be sensible and go to bed, and sleep!"

"But I want to know," Merrick insisted. "He couldn't make such an—such an awful accusation unless he had, unless he thought he had some proof."

"Proof!"

Marvis almost shouted the word aloud and turned angrily towards Merrick as Lyndal entered the room.

"I'm glad you've come," he cried, turning to

(Continued on page 13.)



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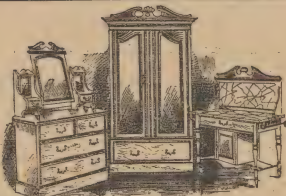
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# BRIDAL MAGNIFICENCE AT GERMANY'S ROYAL WEDDING.

## SUMPTUOUS ROBE OF SPARKLING SILVER.

### A BRIDAL TOILETTE WITH RED VELVET TRAIN.

Snow white robes unrelieved by so much as a single point of colour appertain to the average bride. But royal brides are compelled by Court etiquette in some cases to depart from the usual rule, and the young Grand Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is no exception to the State that hedges even a girl Princess round.

#### A Gown of Exceptional Splendour.

She will, therefore, wear to-day at her wedding, not the pure white toilette in which the traditional bride goes to the altar, but a magnificent robe brilliant with silver and radiant with rose red, an epitome of Imperial magnificence that has rarely been excelled in the history of the world.

In the sketch that will be noticed on this page it will be seen that the wedding toilette, which bears the appearance of a full-dress Court robe, is presented as a simple enough looking frock. But translate the flowing lines into pure silver and it will be at once recognised that owing to the richness of the fabric employed the dress was necessarily designed as simply as possible. Had it been otherwise, its weight would have dragged the girlish bride down to the ground, and even as it is her wedding gown will be a heavy robe indeed for her to bear to the altar.

#### Silver as Fine as a Cobweb.

The fabric, woven of the finest possible silver threads, was produced in Russia, and was made by the firm of Levillon, of Paris, who trimmed it with broad bands of exquisite embroidery specially designed and executed to show a pattern of interlaced roses and thistles. As the illustration demonstrates, this splendid trimming borders the décolletage, finishes the little sleeves of silver tissue, and rims the edge of the beautiful skirt. The materials for this part of the toilette alone cost 20,000 francs, and before the robe was finished in the way that shall be described presently—50,000 francs—that is to say, about 42,000 in English money—had been expended over the fabrics alone.

#### Imperial Red Velvet Lined with Ermine.

The train is a splendid manteau de cour made of Imperial rose-red velvet, with a bordering of sequin embroidery and a full and magnificent lining of Imperial ermine. It is held on the shoulders of the bride by means of great Imperial eagles, each one splendidly encrusted with real diamonds. When the little Princess is arrayed in all this splendour she will look like the heroine of a fairy tale, and it is positively certain that her future subjects will regard her to the end of their lives as such, for she will be a vision so radiant and wonderful that mere words can only most inadequately describe her.

As well as the wedding dress she will wear in Berlin to-day, there will be seen sketched on this page one of the lovely trousseau robes that the young bride will wear during her honeymoon. It is a robe of her favorite colour and fabric—soft pink satin—with a very full train rounded at the corners of satin and chiffon overlaid with trails of chignon roses, an appropriate floral decoration for a June bride to choose.

#### Pretty Arms and Shoulders.

The décolletage is cut square and the sleeves are angel phisè ones made of delicate chiffon, and very becoming to so young a girl. Nearly all the evening dresses have puffed sleeves, and some of them are made of tulle, which is passed round the arms and tied in a smart coquille bow at the

back. Prussia's future Empress has excessively pretty arms and shoulders, but her gowns are not cut very low in accordance with the feeling against décolleté robes that the Kaiser has often expressed, and that is shared by his son, the Crown Prince. For the same reason exaggeratedly puffed sleeves have not found a place upon any of the toilettes of the young bride, nor are her robes made with any undue amount of exaggeration in any detail whatsoever.

Much has been written and said concerning the

fact that Paris supplied so large a proportion of the trousseau, but, as a matter of fact, a great deal of it came from Vienna, where the German Empress constantly orders toilettes for herself, and England and Ireland supplied not a few of the fabrics and laces, as well as some of the frocks for the trousseau. The Grand Duchess Anastasia is a woman of exceptionally good taste, and her daughter's trousseau is, in consequence, a wonderful and most notable possession, even for a bride with so exalted a future before her as that of the German Empress.



Illustrated here is the wedding-dress to be worn by the Grand Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at her marriage to-day, and also an evening trousseau robe, full particulars of which will be found in the adjacent letterpress.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

her, distress in his face and voice. "Here's Merrick talking all sorts of nonsense and trying to make himself seriously ill. Why, you look like a ghost, dear! Nothing wrong?"

"Nothing wrong! What more could be wrong? Everything's wrong, the whole world's gone wrong—your world and mine; and I'm responsible, I've done it. Oh, God, I'm not fit to live!"

Lyndal's face grew a shade more set and serious as she put her fingers to her lips, enjoining silence. "Come, dear, don't do that," she whispered under her breath. "Something has happened to—Billy."

"What do you mean. I—I gave him notice to go, to go at once. He hasn't—"

"No—not that," she replied, reading the question he dared not put into words. "But—I found him just now outside the King's stable—trying to get in."

"Thank Heaven I locked up and took the keys," "He was stumbling up and down outside, feeling with his hands, and—sobbing like a child and calling to the colt. And The King heard him, and neighed back, and I came right up to him and he

took no notice, and when I touched him he asked who it was: I brought him into the study—he's waiting there now."

Arthur Merrick listened and heard all that Lyndal said, and he followed her and Marvis downstairs, and waited outside the study door when they entered.

Billy was standing with his back to the window, one hand on the table the other nervously stroking his chin. He moved his head as Marvis entered, turning it in the direction of the door.

"What's the matter?" Marvis asked. "I've come—as you told me—to be kicked out; to say good-bye."

"Miss Lyndal brought you, you mean. She found you fumbling outside the stable; what's the matter?"

"Nothing—except I'm sorry to go like this—after all these years."

He lifted his hand from the table and held it in front of him, but not towards Marvis.

"Good-bye, sir. Is Miss Lyn, there?"

"Yes, Miss Lyndal is here," Marvis said, sternly.

"What's all this folly, eh? Can't you see—"

Billy shook his head and laughed.

"No, I can't see, nothing!"

And then there was silence. Presently the door

handle rattled, as if someone outside were afraid to enter.

"What do you mean—can't see?" Marvis stammered. He looked across the room at Lyndal.

"Something's gone wrong—with my eye—the eye that was left me," Billy said slowly, choosing his words with difficulty.

The door handle rattled again, then the door opened, and Arthur Merrick slipped like a ghost into the room.

"You mean you're blind?"

Marvis's voice had far more of horror and fear in it than Billy's.

"Yes; but it don't matter now, and I wouldn't have said nothing. I'm glad he had the pluck to hit me, though I spoke truth." His voice rang out for a second. "He hit the weak spot. I'd seen too much. I shan't never see any wickedness again—nor his nor no one else's, but I shan't forget neither—never! God knows I wish I'd been blinded afore ever I had seen it!"

With his hands outspread before him he groped his way towards the door, and no one spoke to him or stopped him.

He groped his way towards the door, towards the ghostlike figure standing beside the door,

(To be continued.)

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preparation for the Polytechnic Cycling Club's racing festival, which takes place at Herne Hill on July 1. On Thursday evening next the club is contesting a quarter-mile handicap and a mile tandem handicap. For the former event all the best "sprinters" of the club have entered, and as the Poly "stable" is just now in great form some fine racing should be witnessed.



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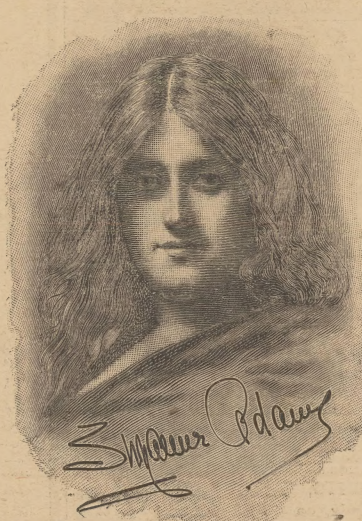
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